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Creature Features is dying

MARGO KINNER

After almost 14 years, one of the Bay Area's most popular TV shows, *Creature Features*, is being cancelled by KTVU-TV, Channel 2, Oakland, to make room for a package of MGM re-runs.

Bay Area science-fiction, fantasy and horror fans are up in arms about the demise of the only program of its kind. *Creature Features* has presented classic films like *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and great schlock such as *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, which has been called the worst movie of all time.

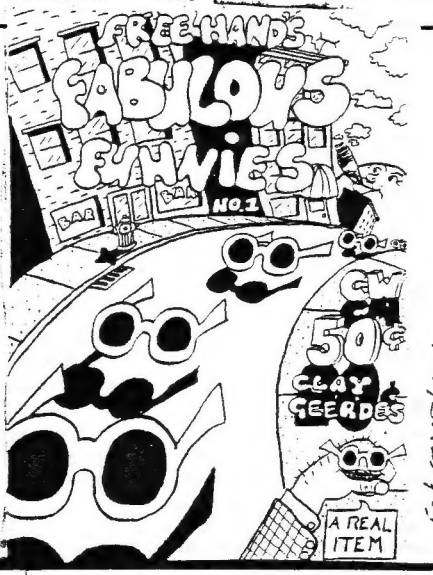
Hosting with both knowledge and wit has been John Stanley, film writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and himself a filmmaker.

Stanley is also the author of numerous books, among them *The Creature Feature Movie Guide* (a second edition of which has been published by Warner Books this summer), a fine Hollywood-set detective story, with Humphrey Bogart as the sleuth, and a science-fiction novel of World War III. Stanley has also hosted many previews of new big screen movies, most recently *Sheena*, for his many fans.

On *Creature Features* he has presented many local personalities, including Karl Anthony Smith of Berkeley's West End Repertory; top science-fiction and fantasy writers like Berkeley's best-selling Marion Zimmer Bradley.

Many viewers are horrified that all this will go down the tube for re-runs of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and point out that these can be seen not only on other TV stations, but in big-screen revivals, including those currently at Berkeley's Pacific Film Archive and San Francisco's Castro Theatre.

In a grassroots drive to save their favorite program, *Creature Feature* fans are writing letters and making phone calls to the Station Manager, KTVU-TV, Channel 2, Number Two Jack London Square, Oakland 94697; 834-1212. But unless the fans are successful, Saturday, September 1 will mark the death of *Creature Features*.



HUMOR
THE VAULT OF HUMOR
No. 4
'ALLO THERE, LIL' FELLERS! I AM MADAME CATFISH, AN' THIS IS CLAY GEERDES' LATE NIGHT CHILLER THEATRE! WE GONE SCARE YOU SO BAD YOU TAKE A BIG DUMP IN YOU PANTS!
JOHN HOWARD

COMIX WAVE 19, September, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. NEIL THE HORSE gets into break-dancing in #9 (September). In that same issue, Arn takes on Conan in "Canine the Barbarian."* New from CW: COMIX WAVE 20 with a cover and 10-page story by Par Holman, plus a new "Skids" tale by Randy Clark, and a new page by David Miller. That one is $1.37 pp. THE VAULT OF HUMOR 4 is $1.87 pp (20 pages) and has art by Holman, Miller, Howard, Clark, Jim Williams, and a parody of comic-collecting by Clay. Some of you profs and doctors out there break down and buy some newaves; you can afford to support us.* Just out: JOURNEY 13, NORMALMAN 6, CEREBUS 66.* CARTOON BRUT 3 is 50/stamp from John E., POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218. Art by John E. and Michael Roden.* STAR HEAD NUMBER EAT is $1.79 pp from Michael Dowers, 3615 Phinney N, Seattle, WA 98103. OUTSIDE/IN 16 is 50/stamp from Mike.* THE DOUGHNUT KID is 20/stamp from Ross Raihala, 802 Hawthorne Street, Cloquet, MN 55720. MOON STONE 3 is two stamps from Ross; ask for his list.* Di Schutz off to the Big Apple where she'll edit THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.* Australian comics are still happening and INKSPOTS 4 is in. $3.25 (air) or $1.75 (sea) from Greg Gates, 5/102 Bath Rd, Burwood, 3125, Melbourne, AUSTRALIA. Money orders or bank drafts should be made out to Inked-in Enterprises. Bud Plant will distribute in U.S.A.* Summer's wrapped up here in Berkeley. Classes on at Cal on Monday. Telegraph is filled with parents who have brought their teenagers personally to the Big C. Be weird to start college in 1984 with Reagan at the helm.* A big too-do about sex films and porn in Berkeley. The Mitchell Brothers have one theater in town--the Cinema on Shattuck--and they brought Candy Samples over to do her strip act last week. The event was picketed by a group of folks who oppose porn in Berk. Inside, folks watched Candy undrape, while it was all politics and hoopla outside. Nothing resolved at this point, but the event has triggered a lot of colorful prose in the papers. Porn, child abuse, incest, all very big this year--t-v always cashes in on social issues, exploiting them to the hilt under the guise of "docu-dramas" and "documentaries."* I saw my first PG-13 rated film. Couldn't figure out that rating. I've had weirder dreams than that and I wasn't even sleeping. Good movie though. Dream-travelling will probably be imitated as time travel has been in AZTEC ACE. Best time travel book I ever read was Bob Silverberg's THE TIME HOPPERS (which I suspect is more a source for AZTEC ACE than DOCTOR WHO).* What's Newave all about? Well, I've been interviewed, along with a lot of the other newavers, for COMICS JOURNAL 94, so you can read that and you'll know as much as I do. Hey, there's always a New Wave, right? Keep drawing. -Clay Geerdes

ORIGINAL COMICS 1 is 50/stamp from Mark Shedlock, Box 233, Heather Highlands, Inkerman, PA 18640.* Susan Catherine having a show at the Two Bells Tavern, 2313 Fourth Avenue, Seattle, Wash, on September 24.* Anne Eder and Tom Watkins having a show of art and sculpture, etc. at Watkins' Studio, 5 W 7th St, Wilmington, Deleware, Sept 9. Saw CONAN THE DESTROYER, a movie for those who prefer rolling heads to talking heads.* I haven't read the Perry book yet, when I do I'll review it; until then, I'll pass along Paul's critique.* Is bad art on Baxter paper worth the cost? Do we really want all those expensive comics? Do we want comics that last forever at all?* You can comment on anything in CW, but I don't have room to run any LONG letters, so a paragraph or two. -Clay Geerdes

Remember The Hippies?

THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY: A History
By Charles Perry
Random House/Rolling Stone Press; $16.95

REVIEWED BY PAUL KRASSNER

When Time magazine decided to do a cover story on hippies in 1967, a telegram to their San Francisco bureau instructed researchers to "go at the description and delineation of the sub-culture as if you were studying the Samoans or the Trobriand Islanders." In the underground press, the Gossiping Guru's prediction in the Oracle was fulfilled when the Gray Line Bus Company instituted their Hippie-Hop, advertising it as "the only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States," piloted by a driver "especially trained in the sociological significance of the Haight."

Now at last we have a chronological account of this period in which occurred an evolutionary jump in con-

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FAR OUT! GROOVY! UPTIGHT!
FREE FRAME OF REFERENCE
LSD25
JANIS JIMI DYLAN
UNDERGROUND

HAIGHT-ASHBURY

Continued from Page 1

sciousness, a spiritual revolution that was treated like a temporary fad. While "The Haight-Ashbury: A History" by Charles Perry is merely the tip of a counter-cultural iceberg, here you can:

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Read all about the Light Show of Human Auras! Attend the funeral for the carcasses of flowers that died in the hallway! Participate with the Psychedelic Rangers and paint fireplugs in the middle of the night! Join the Happening House magicians in their reincarnation of Sufi Sam as a eucalyptus tree! Witness the Tibetan prayer wheel fly off and hit a spectator! Watch the paradoxical burglary of the Free Store! Experience the thrill of shredding toilet paper under a strobe light!

Yes, folks, hop right on this veritable assembly line of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll and discover a nude wade-in; a $10 ceiling price for an ounce of marijuana; cunnilingus being performed upon the altar at Glide Church; Augustus Owsley Stanley III selling LSD in blue-tinted liquid form transported in Wisk detergent bottles with a bag of dirty laundry; The Beatles' lyrics in "Tomorrow Never Knows" quoting from Tim Leary's "The Psychedelic Experience."

It was a time the board of supervisors allowed bottomless dancing in North Beach while the district attorney prosecuted Lenore Kandel's "The Love Book" for obscenity; authorities at the San Mateo County Sheriff's Honor Camp refused to let Ken Kesey donate blood because he dropped acid on previous occasions; the Straight Theater announced "Professional dance lessons — 5 hours for only $2.50. Instructors include Jerome Garcia ..." because a dance hall needed a permit and a dance school didn't.

By weaving local and international conflicts into his mosaic, Perry reveals the growing awareness that culture and politics were inextricably entwined. There were linear connections of repression, he writes, from police pressuring the Drugstore Cafe to change its name to Drogstore, to the banning of Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Women" ("Everybody must get stoned"), to then-Governor Reagan urging sharp escalation of the war in Vietnam.

And yet it was San Francisco Police Chief Thomas Cahill, we learn, who inadvertently named the new community by asking, "You're sort of the Love Generation, aren't you?" Moreover, Monterey Police Chief Frank Marinello declared that "the hippies are my friends, and I am asking one of them to take me to the Haight-Ashbury."

If chronology is a virtue of Perry's book, it is simultaneously a vice, for we're left with a question: "Where's the drama?" Thus, on page 213, this entry: "June 25. A party of old-time Diggers left for the SDS convention in Denton, Michigan." And, on page 215: "The Digger heavies came back from Michigan." But nothing in between about a confrontation. No description of Emmett Grogan tossing over a table in a fit of frustration.

Nor is there any guarantee of accuracy. For example, Grogan is credited with organizing a Greenwich Village sweep-in, when in reality it was on the Lower East Side and organized by Bob Fass, who hosted an all-night free-form radio program on WBAI. Perry writes: "April 29. In Berkeley, the Mime Troupe and the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band performed at a dance benefiting Country Joe and the Fish, who suspected they couldn't make a living because the San Francisco dance halls were snubbing them for being from Berkeley." And: "May 11. Country Joe and the Fish celebrated their first album on Vanguard Records with a free party at the Fillmore. Five kilos' worth of joints were distributed." However, according to Country Joe McDonald, " 'Cleanliness and Godliness' didn't even exist till after Vanguard, and they never did a benefit for us."

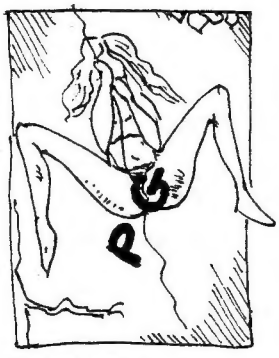
Perry also writes: "Another band that didn't sign (film rights for the Monterey Pop Festival) was Country Joe and the Fish. The reason, for at least a couple of them, was simple: STP. They were filmed, anyway." McDonald calls that "just ridiculous and silly. The use of STP was totally unrelated to the contract. What's the name of this book?"

" 'The Haight-Ashbury: A History.' "

"Well, it's an *almost* history."

Sort of like almost homemade cookies. But after all, that was a prime message of the '60s. Don't believe anything you haven't experienced yourself — and, even then, you can't be sure. ■

Paul Krassner was editor of "The Realist" from 1958 to 1974, and is preparing to publish it again.



Virgil Partch

CASTAIC, Los Angeles County (AP) - Cartoonist Virgil Partch, whose work appeared in the New Yorker, the Saturday Evening Post and in the comic strip "Big George," died in an auto accident along with his wife Helen, the California Highway Patrol said yesterday.

Mr. Partch, 67, and his wife died in the accident Friday on Interstate 5 north of Los Angeles. The couple lived in Laguna Beach.

Mr. Partch created the "Big George" strip and also did cartoons for the New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, This Week, Esquire and True magazines, signing his work "Vip."

His work was characterized by people in weird situations. One of his single-panel cartoons for True magazine showed a totally soaked man under an umbrella walking down a street on a sunny day, with rain occurring only under the umbrella.

The CHP report on the accident said Partch was a passenger in the car driven by his 64-year-old wife, when it collided with a trailer being pulled by a slower-moving pickup truck, also traveling northbound about 1:40 p.m.

One early example of his work appeared during World War II, just after servicemen were granted the right to vote. It depicted military men lined up before a desk bearing a register-to-vote sign, and the man behind the table was telling the first in line: "Colonel, I don't care if you've flown 42 missions. You've got to be 21 to vote."

Mr. Partch was born at St. Paul Island, Alaska, and the couple was married in 1938. They had three children.

SLEAZA: THE JUNGLE QUIM. If there is any part of Tanya Roberts we haven't seen, well..in the latest film about Sheena, the jungle queen invented circa 1937 by Iger and Eisner, we are treated with a lot of bad acting, terrible dialogue, inherent racism, and total sexploitation. I love the hypesheet on this one that tells me there is no sexploitation and it's a film for the whole family, because this is one of the most blatant sex films I've seen this year. Everytime Sheena moves, the camera watches her tits or her ass, and that's sexploitation, guys, since that camera angle is carefully chosen and can be shifted at a director's whim. Call this my first PG rated beaver movie (and to those who have doubts, just see the film and count the times Sheena climbs up a cliff and the camera watches lingeringly from just below her buns or just a bit east of her nipples). Not that I mind. No prude, me, but I do think this film should be honest about the whole thing (It's in the same category as the old fifties classic, THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS.) and it isn't. It follows the basic cheesecake orientation of the early Sheena stories in JUMBO COMICS and SHEENA, but there are a lot of changes, usually for the worse. Here is Sheena in the jungle on her turf and she asks the newsguy, Vic Casey, what to do? What would she ask him for? Sheena, like Wonder Woman, always rescued her mate, who played a supporting role; but Vic rescues himself. We get lots of footage of jeeps riding through the jungle and Sheena riding in the salt flats on her horse(in Zebra drag)and a gang of black characters that are more cardboard than they were in the early Tarzan movies. Indeed, this film makes blacks look terrible. The lead black murders his own brother in order to become King and participate in a rip-off of the "healing earth." He's supposed to be educated, yet his motives are nothing but greed and lust for the white blonde savage. His woman friend is jealous so what does she do but kidnap Sheena and try to throw her out of a helicopter into a waterfall. C'mon. Maybe a little hair-pulling or eye-gouging, but murder? Is that how black people are? So dumb that they don't even protect their scene until a white woman tells them how to do it? This crap in 1984? It was a lot of horseshit when they used to put it in the Weismuller Tarzans; today, in what is supposed to be an age of enlightenment, it is simply disgusting. A throwback to the worse of jingo Kipling. On a sexual level, this is PORKY'S IN THE JUNGLE. Voyeurs will dig it. C.G.